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Table of Contents

	PAGE
STAFF - - - - -	2
EDITORIAL - - - - -	4
SENTIMENTS AND SURVEYS - - - - -	9
LITERARY - - - - -	5
AGRICULTURE - - - - -	11
CLASS NOTES - - - - -	24
SPORTS - - - - -	14
CAMPUS NEWS - - - - -	25

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HERBERT D. ALLMAN
CHAIRMAN

June 10, 1924.

To the Publishers of the Gleaner:

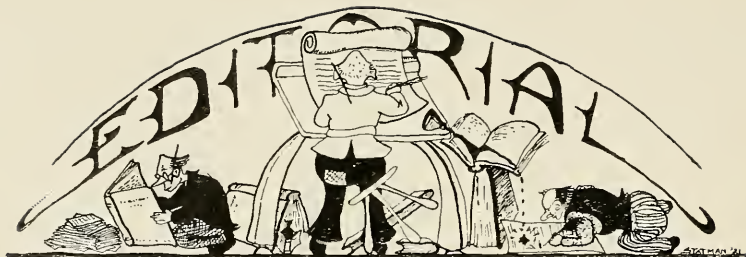
On June 10th, I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Harry Rabinowitz, Editor and Mr. John Simons, Business Manager of the Gleaner, at the Executive offices of the Farm School in Philadelphia.

We had quite a chat together, and while I have always been impressed with and subscribed to this worthy publication, I was further gratified by the energy and sincerity expressed by these young men.

They should be encouraged in this worthy work, and I am sure that anyone who may subscribe to this school magazine, will always look forward to their monthly edition with pleasure.

Very truly yours,

Herbert D. Allman



ULLMAN HALL—what are the thoughts that arise in our minds at the mention of that name? For several years we have been hoping and dreaming of a new home but not until that unforeseen accident in which the traditional and time worn Pioneer

Hall was burned did we begin to think that our dreams might come true. Even then we thought that it would be a long time before our hopes would materialize. It is fortunate indeed we consider ourselves therefore to have had our dreams become realities so soon. When we heard the good news that a new dormitory building was to be erected we could not imagine what a really wonderful home was going to be provided for us. Let it suffice to say that no other school can boast of better quarters for its students than we now have in Ullman Hall, for it is the best that research, skill and money could produce. We have been living in it for a few months now and can not yet realize the full extent of our good fortune. We realize that we are repeating the praises of Ullman Hall for the thousandth time, but we can never repeat them enough. We must not let the newness wear off. When we first moved in we were ever so careful. We kept our rooms immaculate and treated the furnishings with religious care. Let us not become careless through familiarity.

Those commanding white walls which draw admiring glances from visitors must never become stained and those wide roomy hallways, and marble stairs must never become scratched. We owe it as a duty to those who toiled and made that building possible, to keep it always in the best of condition. Let us not give our benefactors cause to think that they have worked so hard for an undeserving cause. The campus is made to play upon and we should not use our rooms for that purpose.

Let us always regard Ullman Hall in the spirit of a sacred place and treat it with the same respect we did when we first moved into it.



ITERAR



NOV 24 1924

S. COLTON '26

THE MADMAN

I was then in a small French town on the Belgian frontier. The kind of existence I led was poor and miserable, for the war had made me a refugee and a wanderer.

I had been a French soldier and was making my way back to join the army after having escaped from a German prison camp. For weeks I had been hiking by night thru Germany, suffering intolerably from lack of food and rest, and being all the time in danger of getting caught and of paying the highest penalty.

So I had walked many miles thru towns and villages, until I got to the above-mentioned town, which was at that time occupied by a German troop. It is really there that my story begins; I had reached the outskirts of the town and my tired brain was trying to plan a possible way of getting thru the German line. The day was hot, and being hungry and weary, I sat down exhausted on the steps of a ruined cottage, and there fell into a stupor.

A blow on the head awakened me, and I was confronted by a German officer.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he demanded in German.

I do not remember what I answered him, but my poor German speech and nervousness convinced him that I was an enemy and he arrested me as a spy. After being brought before a superior officer, I was sentenced to live but twenty-four hours more.

The prison where I was brought to spend my last night, was a long, dark room, in which were several other occupants apparently under the same sentence. The room was still and quiet, with only a sigh to be heard at intervals.

We were all destined to be a sacrifice from War to his mighty brother, Death, and every one saw in the fate of his neighbor his own fate.

It happened later that some cynical-minded persons suggested to celebrate our parting with life with a sort of "death party."

It was night then. Far away the roar of cannon were heard, and the sky, as seen thru the small barred

windows, was lighted by flashes every once in a while. Just a few miles away our brothers were fighting for their country and justice, but we were here waiting like helpless cattle for the butcher's knife.

So we sat down on the floor, forming a wide circle and each of us in turn stood up and made a short speech, bidding to life and to the whole world farewell, and expressed his own feelings and regrets at leaving this bloody, but wonderful world.

Among us was a tall, pale young man who was silent all the time and who had not yet taken part in our party.

But when his turn came, he stood up and looked around the circle of faces. Then he suddenly started to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed he and again directed at us a look that made all of us shiver for something unusual was in that look and something diabolic was in his laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" continued the man. "I also shall speak!"

"Hey! you skeletons and grubs, bones and rotten flesh, you heroes of war, listen!

"I am merry now, very merry! Just listen how happily my heart sings and tinkles the song of life!" He lifted his right hand to his heart. And then suddenly it happened.

With a single movement of his hand he pulled a long knife out of his belt (I am wondering even now, how and where he could have gotten it) and as if terribly shocked, with his eyes almost out of their sockets, with the diabolical smile on his lips, he sprang at us like a tiger on prey. His arm went swinging in the air, and the knife in his

fist made a threatening circle.

Instantly we retreated to the walls to avoid the fearsome swing of the weapon. Next moment, with a threatening gesture, he leaped again.

A panic and fear of death seized us. We who would not think of it in the midst of battle; who had but hours yet to live, were seized with a terrible fear of death from the hands of a madman.

I felt then as though I was in a burning house out of which no escape was possible. But the instinct of desire to live drove us from the madman's knife. Some kind fate prevented him from reaching one of the stumbling horrified humans.

Once the madman stopped for a second, and then my eyes met his. I saw the fierce, yellow eyes gleaming in the darkness like those of a cat.

His eyes seemed to hypnotize me, and as I stood petrified he walked slowly towards me. I saw nothing but the yellow eyes and the blue steel. I don't know how I did it, but I caught the wrist that held the knife in both my hands. It was futile. His insane strength was greater than mine and in horror I saw the blade bear down towards my heart. Then someone threw a heavy bench at the head of the maniac and he fell backwards. Immediately several men sprang on him and in a moment he was disarmed.

The dawn was already looking through our windows and the sun was greeting us with the early morning. Alas — what difference did it make? We had but a few hours to live!

About three hours later the doors

of our prison were opened by French soldiers; we were saved.

I immediately joined the army and since then have lost any trace of the participators in the death party. But the memory of it and the unfortunate lad whose nerves were wrecked with terrible happenings—sets firmly in my mind.

T. Rubin '26

PERFECTION

Did you ever stop to gaze upon a
well-kept field of corn
Or read a book so many times its
pages you have worn
Or admire a life-like picture, while
time glides swiftly by
And take a breath of admiration
we humans call a sigh?

Some say that naught that man
can make can ever reach the
height
Of a grade we call perfection—tho'
we try with all our might;
But when a piece of work entrances
me and really makes me feel
As tho' 'twere done by God Him-
self—why then it's my ideal.

Nathan Brewer

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

I first noticed him when I took a walk in the woods one Sunday in April. The day was beautiful and the singing of the birds and the murmur of a brook made me feel glad I was at Farm School and not in the smoky, smelly, city. Suddenly I heard a sound.

Can you imagine a crow that could vary the pitch of its cry? That is what it sounded like. High

and low, rasping notes repeated over and over again.

Upon looking for the source of this unusual solo, I saw a tall, thin, fellow reading from a book and giving forth the aforementioned sounds. I remembered him as being one of the lately arrived freshmen.

Walking to where this specimen was sitting, I addressed him as a Freshman should be addressed the week after the S. S. A. and therefore cannot make my words public. However, he seemed to grasp my meaning, for he answered thus:

"I infer from your words that you are displeased that I am disturbing the peace of nature. Permit me to explain.

"You most certainly have perceived that I have a voice unsuited to a choir. This fact I have long known, but have never been able to remedy. But I recently discovered a book called "Voice Culture" by August Van der Gump. Gump advises persons with poor voices to remove themselves to an isolated spot and practice certain scales which are given in his book.

"My motto, you should know, is 'Persevere until ye shall attain' and I shall practice until my voice is no longer a thorn in the ears of my associates."

He then picked up the book and I hastily made away.

It is to my knowledge that this Mutt whose name was Oxford continued this performance each Sunday until the weather became too cold to stay outdoors.

I did not encounter Oxford again until just before the Fresh-Feast, after which circumstances at home

forced him to leave school, much to my sorrow.

The Freshman Feast, that year, was to be held on Saturday, and on Tuesday night there was an important meeting of the Junior Raid Committee. White, Sand and myself, the Committee, discussed ways and means of spoiling the festivities. A raid was out of the question, as several faculty members would be present. Therefore, we decided to kidnap the President of the Freshman Class.

Consequently, on Friday night, Sand, who roomed across the Hall from Scott, the Freshman President, called on Scott to help him with some work. Scott slipped on a sweater and followed Sand outside, where they were joined by White and myself.

As we crossed the railroad we told the Freshman we were going to Youngies' to take care of a sick cow. He asked no questions but quietly went along.

When we reached No. 3 Scott started for the barn, but I said, "Just keep on down the road!"

"But I thought—" Scott began bewilderedly.

"Shut up!" growled White. "Do as you're told."

He walked with us silently and we took him down the road to the deserted "Fresh Air Camp." Upon entering the main building, White lit a lantern and led the way into one of the rooms.

In the corner of the room was a cot and on this Scott sat down.

"May as well make yourself at home," said Sand. "You're going to spend a couple of days here."

Scott removed his sweater and stretched out on the bed. He was

older than the average fellow in his class, and became more quickly reconciled to unusual positions.

We dragged in cots from the other rooms and prepared for the night. The lantern was extinguished, but a full moon lighted the room thru the screened windows.

We took turns in keeping watch and soon dawn came, Sand and myself remained with Scott, and White went to details as usual. Food had been prepared for us the day before, so we made ourselves comfortable and played cards to pass time away.

We heard the breakfast bell ring and soon White returned with some fresh bread and a bottle of milk. He greeted us with "Everything's Jake!" and then we breakfasted, while he went back to the buildings.

The day wore on and we found the loafing to be harder than we thought it would be. The Freshman kept quiet and did not attempt to call out when an automobile happened to pass on the nearby road.

After supper White brought us newspapers and we lounged around till it began to grow dark.

"The Mutts should be looking for their President by now," said Sand.

"Yes," said I. "I'd like to see their faces about 8 o'clock!"

Little did I reckon that my wish was to be granted!

A few minutes later it became so dark that I struck a match to light the lantern. It would not burn and upon examination I found that it was without oil.

"I'd better go down to No. 3 and get another lantern," said White. We agreed, and he left us.

He had been gone but a few

minutes when we heard an unusual, low whistle outside. Sand and I ran out to the doorstep, but nothing was to be seen.

Suddenly a rope whizzed thru the air and before we could gather our wits about us, we were trussed up and dragged into the room. Against the light of the doorway I saw the unmistakable figure of Oxford as he ran out with Scott at his heels.

White returned after what seemed like hours and released us.

It was an uncomfortable trio that watched a group of Freshmen escort their President to the feast. But what hurt most were the contemptuous glances of our classmates.

I later encountered Oxford. "I never thought, when I practiced throwing the rope," he said in his strange voice, "that I should have a practical use for my skill. 'Persevere until ye shall attain.'"

S. Colton '26

Sentiments and Surveys

GENIUS and GREATNESS



THE long list of synonymous words contained in our language prominently exemplifies a feature that is essentially characteristic of any tongue that seeks to express as accurately as possible the numerous thoughts and ideas present in the minds of men. This fact is the occasion of many errors in expression, most of which are unavoidable unless a close observance of fine distinctions and correct usages is diligently maintained. It is thru a rigid adherence to philological canons that scientific statements and discussions can be intelligently interpreted. Without exception the works of all outstanding writers manifest a conscientious thoroughness and accuracy in the selection of only the most fitting terms. Such vigilance necessarily results in clear and precise conceptions. It is, therefore, absolutely imperative to a proper understanding of the psychology of genius and greatness that these words

be carefully analyzed in respect to their differences and similarities.

To better grasp their full significance it would be of material assistance to begin with a brief study of the mental intelligence of mankind in general. In the first place we should inquire as to the sanity of the mind. The question that naturally arises is, what is sanity? Sanity is simply mental equilibrium. If this defines sanity then how can we authoritatively declare that one man is sane and another not sane. There is no absolute standard by which we can make such a positive declaration but we do know that relatively all men manifest various degrees of sanity. That is, sanity or rather human intelligence may be likened to a graduated scale that registers in degrees from zero to one hundred, the zero number designated the lowest possible mental condition or absolute mental degeneracy, the hundred designating the highest possible mental condition or ab-

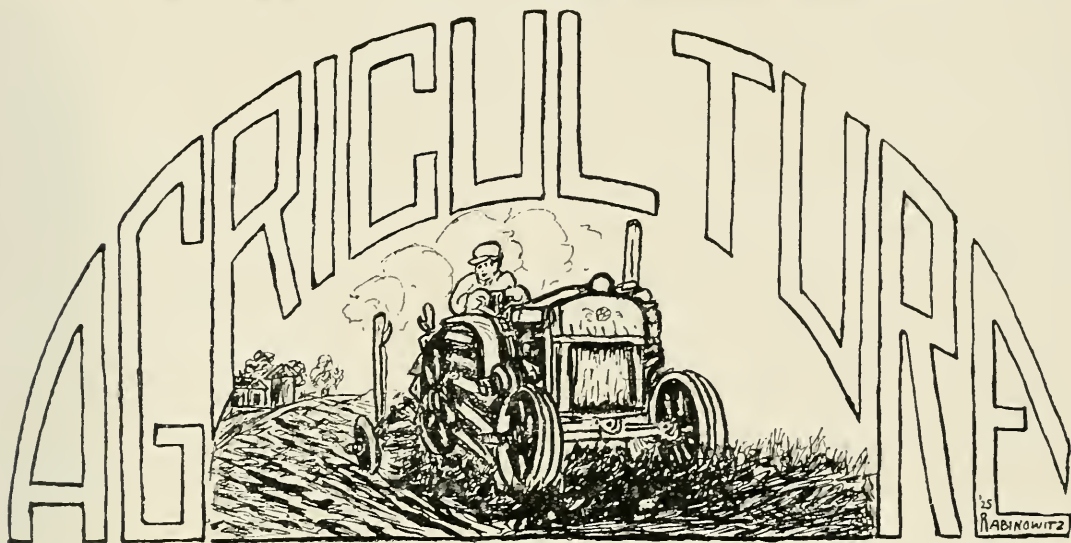
solute mental perfection. It is, of course, very unlikely that man has or can reach either of these extremes, but his intelligence does vary considerably between them. According to the scale we can conveniently divide men into three groups: The first and lowest, denominated subnormal, includes idiots, imbecile and other mental degenerates; the second, or normal group, ranges from mediocrity to modest manifestations of talent; the third, or abnormal group, embraces the highest types of minds existent. This last group naturally includes the two types of individuals designated by the terms genius and greatness which we are now prepared to analyze.

Genius denotes any individual manifesting an extraordinary ability in some line or lines of activity. We believe, though here there is decided difference of opinion, that two orders of genius exist, the gifted and the developed, the former exhibiting distinctly abnormal tendencies with very little apparent exertion; the latter attaining eminent characteristics more thru personal industry and energy than thru any inherent inspiration. Popularly, we consider the men of the first order as having been born great, and men of the second as having achieved greatness. This incidentally brings us to the other term in our discussion, i. e., greatness.

Greatness is indifferently used as a synonym of genius thru violating the principles set down at the beginning of our article. In our opinion, genius is not essentially

greatness. If we go back to our graduated scale of intelligence or sanity, it will be a simple matter to determine their relative values. Here greatness registers several degrees above genius. This is explained by the fact that there are certain fundamental characteristics requisite for greatness, some, but not all of which may be possessed by genius. They are (1) extraordinary ability or capacity (which indicates that genius is contained in greatness), (2) indefatigable energy and industry, (3) unlimited special opportunity for exercising peculiar capacity and energy, (4) high moral principles and motives guiding the employment of ability, industry and opportunity. It is in the last requirement particularly that most geniuses, who are erroneously called great, fall short. Take Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance. Judge by our standard, we find that without doubt he possessed genius of a very high order in military matters; had tremendous energy and capacity for work, had splendid opportunities for displaying his powers, but as a consequence of having violated all ethical principles for the satisfaction of personal vanity and ambition, he lacked the fourth important factor essential to greatness. Herein lay the final test, the barrier that obstructed his path to greatness. On the other hand, if we take such men as Washington and Lincoln, we discover that their lives fully accord with the requirements of the standard, thus inseparably linking their names with the immortal title of greatness.

S. Cahan



L. BLUMBERG '25

AGRICULTURAL EDITOR'S REPORT

As a whole, it may be said that the harvest this year was fairly good and a little better than that of last year.

After striking such an optimistic note one would infer that our crops were completely satisfactory, but with the exception of the fine hay and grain yield, we have nothing to boast of.

The grain crops, especially oats, were exceptional. However, the corn situation is quite a problem.

The possibilities are that there will be little corn to husk this year, as most of it will have to be used for silage. We may even resort to millet for the filling of our silos.

Because of the excessive and persistent rainfall in the early part of the season the cut worms and quack grass thrived unusually well at Farm No. 1. The result is that there is a fine crop of millet grow-

ing where corn should be. This millet will be used for green feed and hay.

As No. 6 is situated comparatively low the continual rain affected it for longer periods of time, so that little work was done between drops. However, they did get in 25 acres of corn and 15 acres of Japanese millet.

At No. 4 the corn came up, but so did the weeds. At No. 5 (which as a matter of fact has the best corn) they were able to rescue three-quarters of the corn crop to considerable advantage, and with the other fourth they are waging a losing fight. Due to careful management, the corn crop at No. 3 and the Home Farm is fair.

Our milk production is holding its own. A much-needed supplement to the Home Farm is the newly fenced-in apple orchard to be used as a pasture.

The mows have all been filled with an excellent quality of hay. This will go toward offsetting the

poor silage, which will be caused by the poor corn crop.

The Horticulture Department has been very busy during the early vegetable and berry harvest. They have planted the fall and winter crops, such as cabbage, carrots, beets and rutabaga. The alfalfa sod in the new peach orchard has been plowed, disked, cultivated and put into a buckwheat cover crop. The older peach orchard has also been cover-cropped with buckwheat.

The currant, gooseberry and raspberry patches have been harvested and were shipped to the kitchen or sold to produce dealers. The vegetable harvest has been in full force and the kitchen larders have been replenished.

The small fruits and vegetables have been topdressed with commercial fertilizer. Tomatoes, eggplants, peppers and our vineyard have been sprayed with Pyrox and Lead Arsenate.

In addition to this the department has found time to mow roadsides, trim hedges, spade up shrubbery beds and clean up things in general.

The peach outlook is good, although not as large as last year's crop. The apple outlook is below normal, due to the heavy rainfall during blossoming period.

The poultry plant has received a general clean-up. The houses have been repainted, the roofs tarred and the roosting boards disinfected against the red mite.

The daily productions average 290 eggs. Kitchen scraps are being fed to economically maintain the production.

The termination of a very suc-

cessful brooding season has resulted in a large supply of broilers, which will be marketed profitably until the season ends. The mangle patch was rejuvenated and rape will be sown for late fall succulence.

Leon R. Blumberg

THE ORIGIN OF DAIRY CATTLE

There are no cattle that are native of America. The cattle found under domestication in both North and South America are descendants from stock imported from Europe. So far as history records, all domesticated cattle of Europe have descended from several forms of wild cattle that were found in Asia.

The history of cattle domestication and the early stages of improvement is very indefinite, but enough has been learned in the last few years to shed some light on probable early influences and practices.

The development of this information has been largely through the comparing of skeletons of the different breeds and types from all parts of the world.

Many of the prehistoric works of art also depict cattle and much information has been gained through them. Much of the data now at hand was collected by an investigator named "Keller." It is the opinion that the cattle of Europe that we are concerned with are descendants of two main types.

It is believed that Jersey, Guernsey and Brown Swiss of today are descendants of the short-bodied, short-headed, small-boned types known as the "Bos Sondaicus," and that this type was developed early

in Southern Europe. It is also thought that the large-bodied, broad-headed type, "Bos Prenigenius," is largely the foundation species from which the Holstein-Friesian and other breeds have developed.

Many distinct dairy breeds have today come into existence largely through the result of environment and slow, but consistent selection practiced by the particular inhabitants of a country towards the type of dairy animal which most nearly met their needs. These agencies, through many generations, have resulted in fixed types which we today know as the breeds.

As long as history records, there dwelt on the shores of the North Sea in the north part of the country now known as Holland, on the Netherlands, a people whose love for home and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture was unusual for the early time. The portion of the country inhabited by them was known as Friesland, and it was divided in the thirteenth century by invasions from the ocean, which produced the Zieder Zee. The name Friesland was retained by the eastern portion, while the western part is what is known as North Holland.

Tradition says that the Friesland people originally came to the North Sea about 300 B. C. from Central Asia and that the cattle which they brought with them were white. Another tradition concerning settlers of the Holland country is that they are relatives of the Batavians, a people who are said to have come to the Rhine about 100 B. C. and to have settled on an island at the mouth called Batavia. These peo-

ple are said to have possessed black cattle which they brought from the upper Rhine region. The mingling of Friesian and the Batavian black cattle may have been the origin of the present black and white Holstein-Friesian cattle. It is to the Friesian people, however, that we owe a debt of gratitude for giving this noble breed of dairy cattle to succeeding centuries more than to the Batavians. When under Roman rule this latter paid tribute by sending men to fight in Roman wars while the farmers paid their taxes in ox hides, horns and other cattle products. The Friesians had no liking for war.

They found their greatest pleasure in caring for their farms and increasing the productiveness of their herds.

The region comprising the provinces of Friesland and North Holland is peculiarly adapted to the development of a race of dairy cattle. The land is level and so low that much of it has been reclaimed from the sea by building immense dykes at great expense to keep out the waters of the ocean. The soil is of a rather heavy, clay type, extremely fertile, and so well watered as to supply during the growing season a most luxuriant grass. The moist climate and the copious rainfall also help to produce one of the richest pasture lands known. The grass, on account of being so abundantly furnished with moisture, is luxuriant, and in feeding value probably resembles our American pasture grasses at the time when cattle are first turned upon them in the spring season. When cut and cured, the grass of the Holland "Low Countries" makes a nutritious

hay and is largely used for winter feeding.

The natural result of such pasture upon a race of cattle would tend to develop a large body, a frame large and rather coarse and a large abdominal capacity (which is an important factor for large milk production), and if the cows were used for dairy purposes only, and to develop a tendency to give large quantities of milk, and these animals were kept pure, were bred

among themselves and no outside blood introduced, the qualities and size and milk production would be perpetuated and stamped so well upon the breed as to be effaced with difficulty. This is exactly what has taken place with the Holstein-Friesian cattle and many other breeds, as has been proven from their history, development, and present conditions.

William H. Dorell '25



“MIKE” COHIEN '25

**Farm School Donates One to
Lansdale, Losing Out in the
Tenth, 5 to 4**

Elliot blows in ninth, giving Lansdale victory after pitching no-hit baseball.

The score stood 4 to 1 in our favor, with our foes batting for the last time. We were all set to pocket the bacon, with but three put-outs confronting us, but the ninth-inning jinx came over us. Elliot, over-anxious to strike his men out, simply could not locate the plate, hitting and walking several players which, in combination with two scratch hits, netted them three runs, tying the score, 4-4.

Our bats had already been tucked away for the day, but had to be recalled for the start of the tenth. We used them, but to no avail, as we failed to spot the pill for any safeties. We took our turn in the field determined to hold them, but our pitching failed us, allowing our rivals to get that fatal run, which gave what we termed a fluke victory to a team we should have easily beaten.

Mart' Cohien caught in fine style and shared batting honors with Santoria and Alexander, who both hit at opportune times.

Farm School	.	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	—4
Lansdale	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	—5

**P. I. D., on Hitting Rampage,
Trounces N. F. S., 19-5**

After getting off to a good start, the Farm School nine weakened and was smothered by a continuous flow of hits which struck us like an avalanche and accounted for 19 runs. The feat of accumulating these runs on 20 hits was made possible by several overthrows and costly errors on the part of the "Aggies."

After the first inning the coaches found it evident that the game was to be a slugfest and that one or two runs would amount to about the same in yards in a handicap race between Zev and some unknown plug. This was obvious through the absence of a single bunt throughout the tussle.

We were fortunate that the spectators were not able to voice their

opinions of our ancient rivals, who are quite emotional but silent.

Our loose playing may be traced to the weakness of third base and catching departments, due to injuries of the regulars of those positions. Their understudies did not get the required practice needed to even get the signals working, due to a rainy week, and for this reason failed to fill the gap.

Elliot pitched rather well, except for being a trifle liberal, grooving the "pill" too much to their liking.

Doremus relieved him, but they had already scored enough to win most any game.

The diamond being of the freak variety, put us at a disadvantage from the start, but far be it from us to offer any excuses, as we feel it no disgrace to be beaten by a team that could slam the pill as they did.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

	R	H	A	E
Sanatoria, 2b.....	0	0	2	1
M. E. Cohien, ss.....	2	2	1	0
Wiseman, rf.....	1	1	0	0
Stringer, 1b.....	1	1	2	2
Elliot, p.....	1	2	0	0
Regal, cf, 3b.....	0	1	2	1
Gordon, 3b, c.....	0	2	2	1
Goldberg, c.....	0	0	1	0
Alexander, cf.....	0	0	0	0
Kleinfield, cf.....	0	0	0	0
Doremus, p.....	0	0	0	0

Totals 5 9 10 5

**Farm School's Scrubs Score Win
Over C. O. J. J. Nine**

Regulars come to the rescue in the last inning, supplying the needed punch, defeating the picnickers, 2 to 1.

P. I. D.

	R	H	A	E
Evans, lf.....	3	3	0	0
Yinengst, 3b.....	1	2	1	1
Marshall, 1b.....	3	5	2	0
Mahon, 2b.....	3	1	3	0
Daniel, cf.....	2	1	0	1
Zaboroski, ss.....	3	3	2	1
Eby, c.....	3	2	0	0
Weis, rf.....	1	2	0	0
Miller, p.....	0	1	1	1

Totals 19 20 9 4

'Ed' Hardiman twirled for the N. F. S. understudies and held his adversaries well in check. Gordon's sensational catch was a feature in the defense.

The Council of Jewish Juniors

proved worthy in their use as a check on next year's material.

Goldberg, who did the catching, is one of the promising rookies.

The game, being played Sunday, was part of a picnic programme arranged by the C. O. J. J. on the school grounds.

—o—

Old Jupe-Pluvius Puts Halt to Important Contest

Heavy downpour makes players seek shelter after third inning had been completed. The Germantown aggregation held a two-run lead, but the Aggies were fast acquainting themselves with the fast ones and were all set for scoring.

Although the visitors were snappy, errors were a factor in their scoring. Of the little that we saw of them it could be readily seen that the Germantown lads had plenty of class of the "big league" variety in most every department. Their twirler was cool and possessed a good change of pace, while their catcher may be envied for his peg.

—o—

N. F. S. Shows Class and Outplays "Casey's All-Stars," 14-1

Our neighbors from Doylestown paid us a visit, but we proved a poor host, spoiling their holiday outing.

They looked good to us, so we took no chances, starting things rolling from the very beginning. One run in the first and four in the second was plenty to stow away the game, but just to make sure, we added a few every now and then, until by the end of the fray we totaled fourteen. In spite of our big lead we saw no reason for sym-

pathy, allowing but one run to cross the vital spot.

Our rivals were dangerous at all times and it was through the consistent support given Elliot that we held the "All-Stars" in check. Their pitching was also god, but we were on a batting spree and even their rescue hurler could not stop us.

The game was rather fast in spite of the heavy scoring, being run off in one hour and forty minutes.

Captain "Mike" Cohien led on the defense, accepting six chances without a falter, being assisted by Santoria and Stringer in three double plays.

Alexander and "Mart" Cohien did the extra-base hitting, while Elliot and his mates also came thru with timely clouts.

Regal's perfect throw from center field, which nipped the runner at home, is also worthy of mention.

—o—

N. F. S. Nosed Out by Southern H. S. in Tenth, 8 to 6

Farm School fails in pinch in overtime battle.

After missing an excellent chance to "cop" the game in the ninth, due to slow base running on the part of a sub, we again threw up our chance for victory when our men fell asleep on the bases, allowing Southern to end the game with a double play in the tenth, while we had but one out and bases loaded. Our men were evidently caught off their guard by Southern's left-fielder who, after making a spectacular catch in the previous inning, muffed a seemingly easy fly, but his quick return had our men at a loss and more than made up for his error.

The contest was close and exciting, especially in the last few innings, when a run meant much to either side.

We were handicapped in having only one umpire, as he twice failed to see us nip the runner off second, with our fast signal play, as he stood behind the catcher.

It was quite disheartening when these two men later scored.

With "Mart" Cohien out of the game with a bum ankle, Regal was used as Elliot's receiver and, altho quite green, he caught a rather commendable game, as good as could

be expected of anyone catching for practically their first time.

Farm School did the bulk of the hitting, getting twelve safeties to seven for the visitors, but Morron, Southern's curver, kept the hits well scattered.

Elliot pitched in great fashion and certainly deserved a victory.

Alexander and Regal contributed 3 hits apiece, while Elliot and Sanatoria also did some timely hitting.

Numerous grads were among the interested spectators, and although we had hoped to treat them with a victory, they seemed pleased with our showing as a whole.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

SOUTHERN HIGH

	R	H	O	A	E
Sanatoria, 2b	0	1	0	2	1
M. E. Cohien, ss	0	0	0	3	1
Wiseman, rf	0	0	1	0	1
Alexander, 3b	1	3	2	0	0
Stringer, 1b	1	1	8	0	0
Elliot, p	0	2	2	4	0
Gordon, lf	1	0	3	0	1
Regal, c	1	3	10	1	1
Kleinfield, cf	1	1	4	1	0
Borushik, cf	1	1	0	0	0
M. M. Cohien, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Lundy, ss	0	0	0	0	2
Schneider, ss	0	0	0	0	0
Davidowitz, cf	0	0	0	0	0

	R	H	O	A	E
Hesal, c	0	0	11	1	0
Finley, cf	2	0	3	0	0
Beloff, ss	2	2	2	3	0
Wood, 3b	1	0	3	2	1
Bone, rf	2	1	1	0	0
Weidelm, 2b	1	0	0	1	0
Morron, p	0	1	0	2	0
Rosen, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Desser, 1b	0	1	7	1	1

Totals..... 6 13 31 11 7

Totals..... 8 7 30 13 2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Nat. Farm School	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	1	1-6
Southern High	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	3-8

Doylestown Professionals Bow to N. F. S., 3 to 1

"Mack" Doremus, the "Aggies" slow-ball artist, proves effective in pinches and bests his rival twirler in pitching duel.

Farm School nine regained their old fight and overcame all their former jinxes, mainly the fatal ninth, in which frame the Pros. were sent to the bench in 1-2-3 fashion, through excellent support.

matters in the seventh, when "Dick" Elliot came through with a clean hit, scoring Captain "Mike" Cohien, who had stolen second after beating out a bunt. The clamp was again put on the scoring and it looked as if the game was going into extra sessions, but fate played

its part in the ninth, when, with two out, the Pros. broke through the N. F. S. defense, sending across the winning run. This and the failure of our "murderer's row" to come through with the bingles caused our suffering a defeat in our final game.

Farm School 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1
Chalfont A. A. 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—2

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

	R	H	O	A	E
Sanatoria, 2b.....	1	1	1	2	1
M. E. Cohien, ss.....	2	2	1	0	1
M. M. Cohien, c.....	0	2	10	1	0
Alexander, 3b.....	0	2	2	1	1
Stringer, lf.....	1	1	1	0	0
Elliot, p.....	0	0	1	5	0
Gordon, cf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Kleinfield, 1b.....	0	0	7	0	0
Wiseman, rf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	4	3	27	9	3

GIRARD COLLEGE

	R	H	O	A	E
Walters, 2b.....	0	0	0	4	3
Duffin, 1b.....	0	0	13	0	0
Seltzer, lf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Mailardet, 3b.....	1	1	1	2	0
Cray, ss.....	0	0	0	3	1
Ritter, cf.....	0	0	3	0	0
Hethering, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Jorella, c.....	0	1	4	1	1
Speiner, p.....	0	0	1	2	1
Totals.....	1	3	24	12	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Nat. Farm School.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	x—4
Girard College.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

	R	H	O	A	E
Stringer, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0
M. E. Cohien, ss.....	0	0	1	1	1
M. M. Cohien, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Alexander, 3b.....	0	1	2	1	1
Kleinfield, 1b.....	0	0	9	1	1
Sanatoria, 2b.....	0	1	3	2	0
Gordon, c.....	0	1	9	4	0
Elliot, p.....	0	0	2	3	3
Abelson, cf.....	0	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	1	3	27	12	7

GEORGE SCHOOL

	R	H	O	A	E
Kempter, rf.....	2	2	0	0	0
G. Presev. 1b.....	1	2	18	0	0
Sherwood, 2b.....	0	1	2	1	1
Fletcher, cf.....	0	1	2	0	0
Sinkler, ss.....	0	0	1	1	1
Shelmire, p.....	0	0	2	2	1
E. Presev. lf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Biddle, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	2
Flowers, c.....	1	1	1	1	0
Totals.....	5	7	27	7	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Nat. Farm School.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
George School.....	0	0	1	0	3	0	1	0	0—5

Juniors Prove Too Strong for Freshmen, Trouncing Them, 22 to 2

The game started off like a real varsity tussle, with the Freshmen scoring a run after getting two clean hits.

The Juniors also started with a rush, but the Freshmen had an excellent opportunity to hold them scoreless in the first, although they had men on bases. A fly ball was hit in the hands of an infielder which should have resulted in a triple play, but the ball evidently did not feel at home in the "Fresh-

ie's" mit and refused to stick, giving them the opportunity to get the four runs which they scored. It was not until the fourth inning that the yearlings again tallied, but this was only one run and the Juniors had already collected enough to make the scoring resemble that of a football game.

"Mart" Cohien, who coached the "Freshies," was there through thick and thin, but he was helpless to give them anything but advice.

"Bozo" Alexander, the Junior coach, kept his team, led by Sanatoria, fighting throughout in spite of their lead.

FRESHMEN

	R	H	O	A	E
Bachman, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Pisarev, 2b.....	0	2	0	4	1
Goldberg, 1b.....	0	1	0	5	2
Hardiman, cf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Semel, c.....	0	2	5	2	0
Kulp, p.....	1	0	0	2	1
Checkman, ss.....	0	0	0	0	2
Wiseman, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Walters, 3b.....	0	1	1	2	1
Grossman, ss.....	0	0	0	0	0
Rothbard, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Price, 2b.....	0	0	0	0	1

Totals..... 2 7 7 15 8

JUNIORS

	R	H	O	A	E
Davidowitz, lf.....	5	2	1	0	0
Borushik, 2b.....	2	3	0	2	0
Rega1, c.....	4	1	9	1	1
Sanatoria, 3b.....	3	3	0	1	0
Gordon, ss.....	4	1	1	1	1
Kleinfield, 1b.....	1	3	1	4	0
Fishstein, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Blumberg, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Doremus, p.....	2	2	1	1	0
E. Hardiman, cf.....	1	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 22 14 13 10 2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Freshmen.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	0-2
Juniors.....	4	5	3	0	4	0	6-22

Faculty Bow to Freshmen, 12 to 0, in Baseball Side-Show

Although the faculty did have a few players who were merely fixtures, they gave the "freshies" a real tussle, that was undecided until the last man was out.

The first-year men, coached by "Mart" Cohien, after holding their "Profs" scoreless in the initial inning, settled right down to business, which was very evident when the first ball pitched was knocked for a home run by an ambitious young "greenie" in the personage

of Semel, whose playing was a big factor in the victory for his mates. With the addition of several runs in the next few innings the freshies soon had a lead, which could be termed comfortable in most any game, but as was previously stated this affair happened to be part of a circus.

"Coach" Campbell soon awoke to the situation and with the aid of "Coach" Samuels, Mr. Stangel and "Doc." Plain to say little of his other high priced stars he soon threw a scare into the yearlings trailing at their heels. In the last inning the school officials had their pupils submerged in a rather deep hole, their bases were loaded but due to their good luck, Director Ostrolenk, who had been walked twice previously, refused to be walked again and swung at a high one, with the count of three and two on him. His third strike put the finishing touches on the game and prevented the "hefty sluggers," led by "Coach" Campbell, and who were up to bat next, from doing their stuff.

Mr. Purmell, who witnessed the game from left field, was batting in his business-like fashion, drawing three passes from the Freshman twirler, who was very congenial, passing 13 men in the course of the nine innings.

Price, Goldberg and Hardiman were the mainstays for the victors.

The Faculty subs, headed by Miss Churchman, were on the bench awaiting action, but were not called into play.

INTERCLUB MEET

Tillers take first place, scoring 111 points, with Planters and Har-

vesters taking second and third respectively.

Stringer, of the Tillers, is highest individual scorer, capturing 30 points and the medal that goes with it.

Brewer, of the Planters, follows close behind with 25 points and takes second medal, while Regal, of the Tillers, captures the third medal, with 24 points to his credit.

Brewer and Etesse show their merit in swimming events.

Brewer proves to be a regular fish, placing first in fetching and long distance, and tying with Taylor for first place in 50-yard breast stroke, thus capturing 3 out of 5 events.

Etesse, Kisber, Elfrey and Walters, of the Tillers, add to club's laurels by winning the 200-yard relay.

Planters win swimming meet, with Tillers a close second and Harvesters in third place.

Stringer and Regal, of the Tillers, prove speed demons of the track, while Brewer and Kasper do their stuff in the mile run.

Stringer carries off high honors in the dashes, with Regal at his heels and Brewer wins the mile run with Kasper a close second. Goldberg and Price, of the Harvesters, also make a good showing.

Schneider, of the Tillers, wins broad jump, doing 16 feet, which was just one inch better than both Huff and Regal, of same club.

Regal heaves shot-put 38 ft. 3 inches, while Stringer and Brewer nose out second and third places, respectively.

Elliot, last year's high jumper, again defeats all rivals by doing five feet, while Brewer takes second place.

Freak Events

Davidowitz, highest scorer, taking three first places, namely, the obstacle, sack and three-legged races. Weisberg shared honors with him in the three-legged race as his partner.

Stringer displays speed and good sense of smell and wins the shoe race.

Borushik rides his gallant and faithful steed, Dorell, to victory in horse and rider contest.

Blumberg captures unique honors by devouring a twelve inch pie faster than any other competitor, and then whistles to let everyone know it. "Tiny" Lev eats right up behind him and takes second place, while Freifield eats himself into third. The last two mentioned have two more years ahead of them but have started early.

Football Events

Something new in the form of punting, tackling and passing was introduced into the meet this year in order to get a line on the football material.

Schneider, punting 40 yards, was able to take first place in the distance punt, with Hardiman and Grossman runners up.

Captain Alexander took first place in drop-kick event by doing 35 yards, while Hardiman and Schneider took second and third, with 33 and 30 yards, respectively.

Schneider again displayed ability by kicking off for 54 yards, with Blumberg and Hardiman at second and third places.

Stringer, last year's captain, displayed best form in the tackling event, and took first place. Blumberg and Davidowitz also showed up well.

In the distance throw, Elliot took first place by throwing 40 yards, and Alexander and Blumberg took second and third.

In the forward passing for accuracy, Borushik, Regal and Hardiman took honors in the order mentioned above.

In the center passing for accuracy, Regal, Santoria and Brewer showed up well.

SUPPORT THE GLEANER

CLASS and CLUBS

M. B. SCHWARTZ '25

SENATE

Farm School's most active student organization has assumed amazing proportions. From a weak attempt at self-government it has grown into a highly respected, obeyed and most able body of student representatives. Their importance to the students as well as to the school has been recognized by the faculty who have made it plain that they will support the Senate through thick and thin. Mr. Samuels has also recently given his opinion, based on experience, that the Senate at Farm School has attained the standard of similar college organizations. We may well be proud of it! Boost the Senate further, fellows—the more you back it the better it will do.

Leo Gottlieb '25,

Secretary and Chair, Pro Tem.

CLASS OF '25

Half of our Senior Year is gone and we are well started on the last half. The weeks seem to be flying and with their passing, the realization is beginning to grow upon us that we shall soon have to leave dear old N. F. S. Still we are trying to put those thoughts out of our minds and fill the ensuing months with activity which will enable us to leave behind a record of accomplishments or, to quote from Longfellow, "And departing, leave

behind us footprints in the sands of time."

H. Rabinowitz '25

CLASS OF '26

Our "prom" turned out to be the best ever had at F. S., judging from comments and congratulations which were showered upon us. It certainly was a gala affair, and such a one we feel sure the Juniors for years to come will attempt to imitate.

The Junior - Freshman baseball game turned out to be another brilliant victory for the Green and White, as was to be expected. Good playing, coupled with good pitching, proved to be the ending of the Fresh. We are indebted greatly to Coach Ben Alexander and Captain Santoria for their unfailing help and advice in making this victory. Score: 22-2.

M. Grossfield, Secy.

CLASS OF '27

Well, here it is August, just six months since we entered. We're beginning to feel like old-timers, but we don't yet seem settled. The class has elected new officers since the last Gleaner issue, which are: W. Huff, president; E. Wilson, vice-president; S. Katz, treasurer; E. Etessé, secretary, and S. Kasper, sergeant at arms. It is hoped that there will be no more shake-downs of class executives.

There is a fair number of football candidates from the class, and with their playing and Goldstein's coaching, we hope to defeat the Juniors. Let's support Goldstein, fellows, and come out to make a winning team.

The football banquet committee, consisting of Ev. Wilson as chairman, and A. Cohen, S. Katz, H. Litwin and L. Eckstein, is started on its way. M. M. Cohien is their mentor, which assures a fine reception.

E. Etesse '27

—o—

LIBRARY NOTES

The Farm School Library was moved from its old home in Segal Hall to the school room in the Chemical Laboratory, the first week in June.

Many of these books had been

placed on the shelves twenty years ago, and probably the more ponderous tomes had not been disturbed until the time came to remove them from their old home. They were a donation to form a nucleus for a growing library which today has reached beyond the expectation of the first donor.

On moving, the books were placed in piles on the floor, with a class name above. In placing them in a more convenient position for the patrons, the real value of the collection was learned. The library contains many fine books by world-wide authors on various subjects.

The members of the school should realize the value to become acquainted with the contents of Farm School Library. At the end of this week all books will be placed in convenient position for the patrons.

Miss Churchman.

CAMPUS NEWS

"LANKY" SNYDER '26

Says Which?

Her has gone, her has went,
Her has left I all alone.
Can her never come to me?
Must me always go to she?
No! It can never was.

"Hy" Levin '26

"Fairy" Kline lay comfortably in bed and indifferently eyed the inconsistent alarm clock. "If that darn alarm doesn't hurry and and ring I'll miss calling the fellows this morning," he meditated.

Dorell—"I see Freshman Levin is mechanically inclined. He was under the tractor when I came by."

"Mechanically inclined, indeed," snorted Elfrey. "All he knows about a tractor is that it makes shade."

Mr. Unsophisticated—"I'll marry a girl that can cook and make a home and not one of these who only play bridge."

Mr. Sophisticated—"Fine! Come over and meet our Polish housemaid."

City Friend — "Did you raise much corn last year?"

Farmer—"Well—a little, about ten gallons."

Doctor to Prisoner—"With this attack of the "flu" you must take very good care of yourself, and above all, don't go out."

"Mooney" wants to know who killed the dead furrow.

"Why didn't you want to give your little brother part of your apple?"

"Eve did that and she's been criticized ever since."

Room—"I can't find a pin anywhere. Where do they all go to?"

Mate—"It's hard to tell, because they're headed in one direction and pointed in another."

Teacher—"This is the third time you have tried to copy from your neighbor's paper."

Pupil—"Yes, ma'am. He doesn't write very plain."

'MEMBER

'Member the time we both played hookey,

Ate our lunches 'n' hid our books,
'N' swiped the melon from Old Man Brown,

'N' he chased us both clean into town—

'Member?

'Member the time Bill Jones' goat
Chewed the sleeve off my Sunday coat

What Ma had hangin' on the line.
Didn't she make an awful time—

'Member?

'Member when me an' you
Sneaked away to a place we knew,
'N' caught a turtle what bit your toe
'N' broke my knife makin' him let
go—

'Member?

'Member the time at the party when
I pinned a sign on the back of Ben,
You read the sign, did what it said
'N' Ben got mad 'n' punched your
head—

'Member?

'Member the time at Sunday School,
You dropped a mouse on the organ
stool,

'N' old maid Morris what used to
play

Hollered and fainted dead away—
'Member?

'Member the night we took the pup
Down to the woods when the moon
came up

Big 'n' round as my old straw hat,
'N' we ran into that old pole cat—
'Member?

A. L. Zolotor '27

"If your husband finds farming so
poorly paid, why does he stick to it?"
asked the friend.

"Well it's like this, explained the Mrs.
He was a poet before he came to be a
Farmer."

What's the difference between a flea
and an elephant?

An elephant can have fleas but a flea
can't have elephants.

"Did you hear about my roommate
kicking in?"

"What, is he dead?"

"Naw, just pigeon toed."

A Telephone Tragedy

"Hello."

"This is Mrs. Jones on third street. Will you please send up some nice fresh fish right right away?"

"I'm sorry madam but we have no fish."

"Oh all right send me a couple of nice lean pork chops."

"We have no pork chops."

"Oh how provoking. Then a small sirloin steak will do."

"We haven't any steak."

"For Heavens sake, is this Smith, the butcher?"

"No this is Smith the florist."

"Oh well, send me a dozen white carnations. My husband just starved to death."

Sheik "This is a cubist painting."

Galook "What a devil of a place Cuba must be."

The Bargain

Time—8:30 P.M.

Scene—Rex's room.

Rex is reading. A knock is heard on the door.

Rex "Come in."

Luke Gottlieb enters. "Want to buy a pair of pants?"

Rex "How much do you want for them?"

Luke "Fifty cents."

Rex "I'll give you a quarter for it."

Luke "All right here's the pants."

Rex "I've only got a dime, I'll owe you the other fifteen cents."

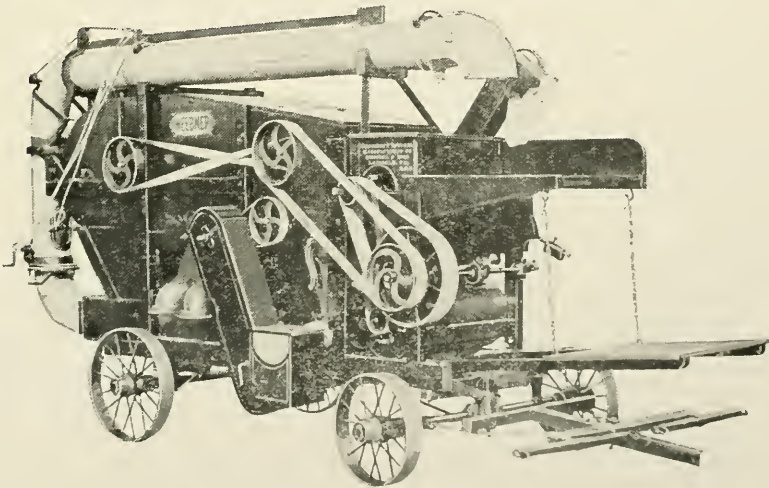
Luke "That's all right I've already sold them six times and they allways come back through the laundry."

Caller "Is your mother engaged?,"

Betty "I think she's married."

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Little girl (to grandfather)

"Grandpa, why dont you grow hair on your head?"

"Well why does'nt grass grow on city streets?"

"Oh I see, it can't come up through the concrete."

Ham and egg pug (who has usually awoke to find himself kissing the canvas)

"Where do we fight next?"

Manager "Kokomo."

Pug "Nix on dat stuff, too many KO's for me."

Zolotor "Say, did you ever know that the Rocky Mountains are the largest in the world, and that my ancestors built them."

Tiny "Did you ever hear of the Dead Sea? Well, my great grandfather killed it."

He "Just one kiss. Love makes the world go round."

She "So does a smash on the jaw."

Last night I fell asleep and dreamed I was Prince Albert but it was only a pipe dream.

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Dealer "Do you want a pullet?"
Lady "No I want to carry it."

Mary's Cat

Marv had a tom cat
It warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat,
And now he doesn't do so.

Zolotor '27

Lyrics of an Amateur Farmer

My classmate tries to teach me how
a farmer ought to plough,
I start my team; he follows after,
And tries his best to stifle laughter.
He says, "Well friend, you're doin well,
But furrows should be parallel."
I say, "If from my course I've swerved,
Is not the line of beauty curved."

Why does bread sometimes have holes
in it?
Because it is made of whole wheat.

Froggy "It's a dirty underhand game."
Blunder "Whats that?"
Froggy "Pitching horseshoes."

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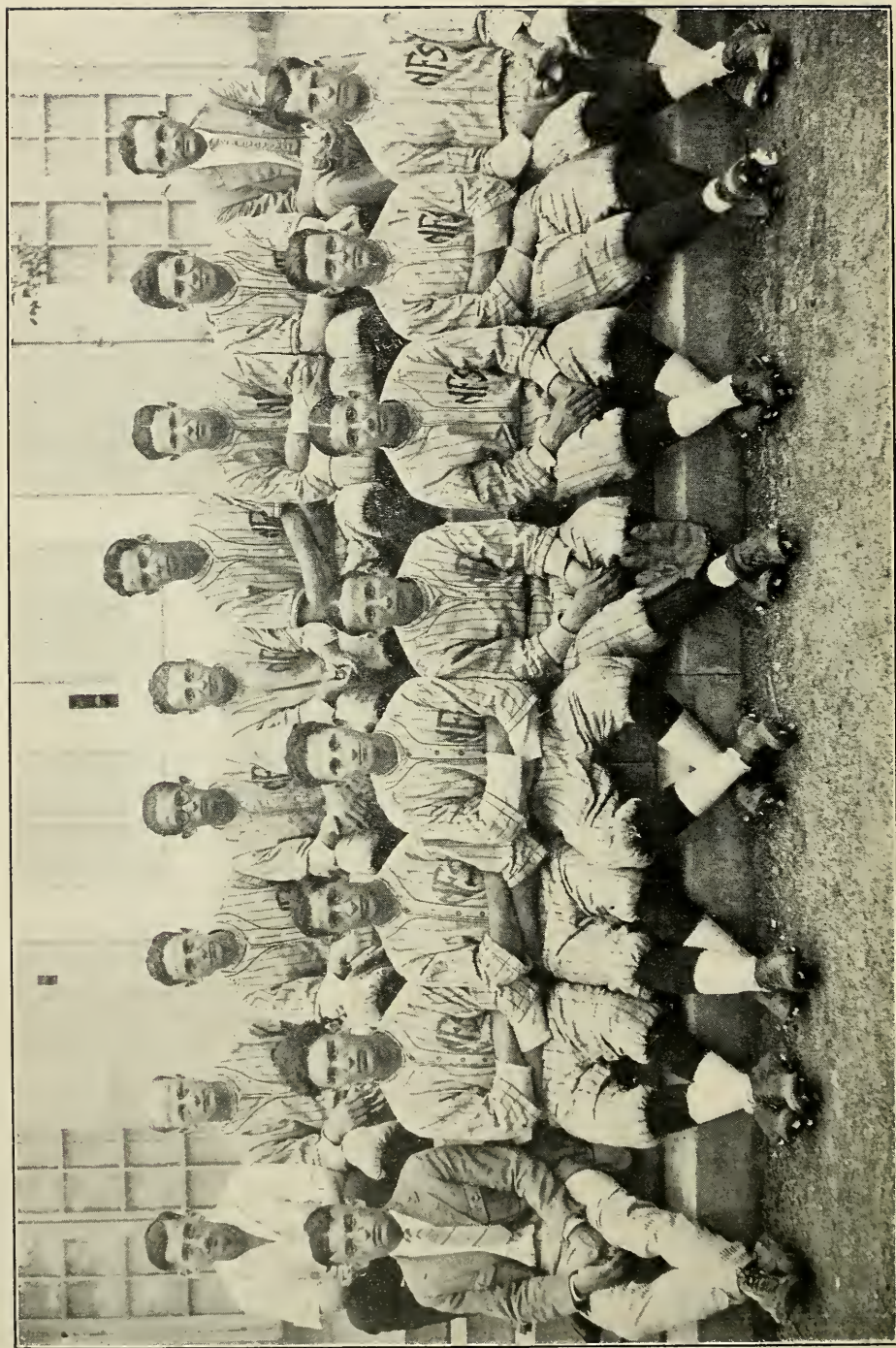
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